NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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A CITY OF REFUGE.

There were six cities in the Holy Land which once possessed a very important privilege. They were called Cities of Refuge, and this name gives a good idea of the privilege referred to. When one man killed another accidentally he was permitted to flee to a city of refuge, and if he entered the gates safely he was free from the vengeance of the relatives of the one he killed, whose duty it was to take his life in return. Hebron was one of these six cities. It is one of the oldest in Palestine, and is situated in Judah, twenty-one miles south-southwest of Jerusalem. Besides being one of the oldest cities in Palestine it ranks amongst the very oldest cities in the world, for it was in existence in the days of Abraham, nearly four thousand years ago. It was anciently called Kirjatharba, which means City of Arba, one of the forefathers of the *Anakim*. Many years afterwards King David lived in it before he conquered Jerusalem. Since that time its history has been of little importance.

At present it is but a poor-looking town, inhabited by about five thousand people, of whom the Jews form but a small proportion. It lies in the narrow and picturesque valley of Eschol, whose grapes, olives and other fruits are as famous now as in olden times. The city contains the church built by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, on the spot where, it is said, Abraham was buried. This church has been converted into a mosque called *El-Haram*. Tombs, said to be those of Abraham and several of his family, are still shown. They are hung with palls of green or red silk, which are renewed from time to time; but it is said that the real tombs are in a cave beneath the building. The modern name of the city is *El-Khalil* ("the friend," *i.e.*, of God.)

HEBRON, ONE OF THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

About a mile from Hebron, in the midst of the vineyards, is a well of pure water, beside which, solitary and alone, rises one of the largest oaks in Palestine. Its circumference is over twenty-three feet, and its foliage covers a space of about ninety feet in diameter. It is said by some that this is the tree under which Abraham pitched his tent, but it bears no evidences of such an age as that.

HENRY BERGH, THE DUMB ANIMALS' FRIEND.

Moral suasion and a resolute bearing are Henry Bergh's most potent auxiliaries. Only rarely has he been forced to use his muscular strength to defend himself. One winter's day he met two large men comfortably seated on a ton of coal, with one horse straining to drag the cart through the snow. He ordered them to get down, and after an altercation pulled them down. At another time he stood at the southwest corner of Washington Square inspecting the horses of the Seventh Avenue Railway. Several weak and lame horses were ordered to be sent to the stables, and a blockade of overloaded cars soon ensued. A loafer on a car platform, annoyed at the delay, began to curse Mr. Bergh, who stood on the curb-stone three feet distant, turning a deaf ear till the spectators began to urge the bully on. Then, losing his patience, he seized the reins and suspended the movement of the car until the order was complied with. This is one of his "curb-stone" speeches, often used with effect: "Now, gentlemen, consider that you are American citizens living in a republic. You make your own laws; no despot makes them for you. And I appeal to your sense of justice and your patriotism, oughtn't you to respect what you yourselves have made?" Once Mr. Bergh ordered the ignorant foreman of a gang of gas-pipe layers to fill up one-half of a trench they had dug directly across crowded Greenwich street, even under the railway track. The man gave a surly refusal, which would have caused his arrest had not a stranger stepped out of the crowd and said:

"Mike, you had better do what that man tells you, for he's the law and the Gospel in this city."

"The law and the Gospel is it, then?" replied Mike, surveying Mr. Bergh from head to foot. "Well, he don't look a bit like it."

"No matter, but he is," enforced the stranger, "and if you can take a friend's advice, you will fill up that trench."

And the trench was filled.

It is a compliment to Henry Bergh's tact and moderation in the use of his great authority, that he has won the respect of most of the drivers of the city; these people may frequently be seen lifting their hats to him, a courtesy always acknowledged with a bow. Horse-car drivers have been known to leave their cars and run to the assistance of his officers, notably when Superintendent Hartfield was attacked at Madison Square.

Thirteen years of devoted labor have wrought no very great change in the appearance and manner of Henry Bergh. If the lines of his careworn face have multiplied, they have also responded to the kindly influence of public sympathy and the release of his genial disposition from austere restraint. A visitor who had no claims on Mr. Bergh's indulgence once remarked, "I was alarmed by the dignity of his presence and disarmed by his politeness." Since Horace Greeley's death, no figure more familiar to the public has walked the streets of the metropolis. Nature gave him an absolute patent on every feature and manner of his personality. His commanding stature of six feet is magnified by his erect and dignified bearing. A silk hat with straight rim covers with primness the severity of his presence. A dark brown or dark blue frock overcoat encases his broad shoulders and spare, yet sinewy, figure. A decisive hand grasps a cane, strong enough to lean upon, and competent to be a defence without looking like a standing menace. When this cane, or even his finger, is raised in warning, the cruel driver is quick to understand and heed the gesture. On the crowded street he walks with a slow, slightly swinging pace, peculiar to himself. Apparently preoccupied, he is yet observant of everything about him, and mechanically notes the condition from head to hoof of every passing horse. Everybody looks into the long, solemn, finely chiselled and bronzed face, wearing an expression of firmness and benevolence. Brown locks fringe a broad and rounded forehead. Eyes between blue and hazel, lighted by intellectual fires, are equally ready to dart authority or show compassion. There is energy of character in a long nose of the purest Greek type; melancholy in a mouth rendered doubly grave by deep lines, thin lips and a sparse, drooping mustache, and determination in a square chin of leonine strength. The head, evenly poised, is set on a stout neck rooted to broad shoulders. In plainness, gravity, good taste, individuality and unassuming and self-possessed dignity, his personality is a compromise between a Quaker and French nobleman whose life and thoughts no less than long descent are his title to nobility.—*C. C. Buel, in Scribner for April.*

A ROBE OF GLASS.

In the large basement-room of the home of S. Isaacs, at No. 1434 Mission Street, between Tenth and Eleventh, is now weaving the most wonderful fabric of which the voluminous history of unique feminine apparel furnishes any account. It is the material, as flexible as the finest of silk and as durable as Blue Jeans William's favorite stuff for trousers, for a lady's dress, and it is woven by the world-renowned artist in glass-work, Prof. Theodore Grenier, out of the innumerable colored strands of glass first spun by himself. Compared with the completed garment, the mythical glass slipper of the fabulous Cinderella will sink into as vulgar an insignificance as an exhausted Napa soda-bottle. A *Chronicle* reporter called on him recently, and he very courteously showed him the entire process. Breaking an extra piece out of the soiled bottom of an already broken tumbler, he submitted it to the heat of a blow-pipe until it became incandescent and soft. Then with a "stick" of glass he touched the molten portion, and with an expert motion, which may be described as a flip, he carried a thread so fine that it was almost invisible till it caught on the disc of a slowly-revolving wide wooden wheel of nineteen feet circumference. At a certain number of revolutions the strand was complete, and the wheel was stopped and it was removed. It then consisted of innumerable softly glistening threads, finer than the finest of silk floss. These strands are spun of all colors, and are then washed in a solution of water and beet-root sugar, which toughens them. The spinning is all done and occupied many weeks. The weaving is done on an old-fashioned hand-loom, the warp being nineteen feet long and the woof four feet, so that the material will cut to advantage. Only about ten inches a day can be woven.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

WHERE THE PEACE is that Christ gives, all the trouble and disgust of the world cannot disturb it. All outward distress to such a mind is but as the rattling of hail upon the tiles of him who sits within the house at a sumptuous banquet.—*Leighton.*

Temperance Department.

FRED FISHER

It was a bitter night. The cows were soon milked, the cattle fed, and the sheep looked after. Indoors there was a light and warmth, and a tempting supper-table was spread.

"Why father," said Aunt Mary, suddenly, "you ain't eating any supper. Are you sick"?

"No, mother, I'm not sick, but I don't feel easy about Fred. A man would freeze to-night in a couple of hours, and Fred has a lonely road to travel, I believe," said he, rising suddenly, "I'd better go and looked after him. I guess this is one of the 'doings' I'd better look after, any way;" and he smiled at his wife.

"Well, if you think best, father," said Aunt Mary, rising, too, and hurrying to the closet for mufflers and coats.

"Willie, get the horse ready for father. Harry will go with you, of course."

"'Tain't worth while for the boy to go. It's a dreadful cold night," said Uncle John, putting on his coat.

"The 'boy' is as tall as your are, father, and it is certainly worth while for him to go. You may need help," said his wife, helping her son into his overcoat.

"Take good care of yourself," she called after them, with a quiver in her voice and a pang at her heart.

"We will drive to the village first," said Uncle John. "He may be at some of the saloons still."

Jim Stone's was soon reached. It was well filled with men, some young, some old, some ragged and tattered, others more respectable and well dressed, but all more or less intoxicated.

A sudden stillness fell upon the noisy crowd, as farmer Ladd stepped in.

"I called to enquire about Fred Fisher," said he, stepping up to the bar. "Is he here?"

"No," said Stone, respectfully; "he left here about four o'clock. What's the matter?"

"I only felt anxious to know if he got safely home," said Uncle John. "It's too cold a night for a man to sleep in the ditch. Boys," said he, turning to the men, "you'd better go home this bitter night, while you can get there there safely."

"That's so, Squire," hiccoughed one poor fellow, who could hardly stand. "Dreadful poor time for getting drunk. Told my wife so this morning;" and he gave his companions what was intended for a knowing wink.

All the other saloons and bar-rooms were visited, without success.

"Now, Harry," said Uncle John, "we'll drive fast to his house. Perhaps he's there all right. If he is, 'twont take us long to get home, and we shall sleep all the better for knowing it. Look out for your ears, and lookout with your eyes as we drive along, for we may find him anywhere."

Many a sudden stop was made, as some shady spot by the roadside seemed to take the shape of a prostrate figure.

"I guess he's safe at home," said Uncle John, with a sigh of relief, as they drove into the yard.

In answer to their knock, a frightened, pale-face woman opened the door.

"O, Mr. Ladd," said she, without waiting for a question, "do you know anything about my husband? He left home early this morning, and hasn't returned yet, and I've been so frightened;" and she burst into tears.

"I drove up to see if he had got home all right," said Uncle John. "Has he any friend where he'd be likely to go?"

"Oh, no! He would try to come home, I know," was the answer; "but he might lose his way. He always comes across through the woods, it is so much nearer."

"Where shall we strike the path through the woods?"

"Right straight through the pasture bars," said the trembling woman.

"Can you give us a lantern?" said the farmer; "it will be dark in the woods."

Father and son looked at each other with pale faces. Both knew what was lying under the shadow of the solemn trees, white as the winter's snow. He had almost reached home. The light in the window there was shining full upon him. He had stumbled and fallen, probably, and been stunned, perhaps, though his poor, confused brain needed no cruel blow. Under the silent stars, out in the bitter cold, he was sleeping quietly. Only the trump of God can wake such sleepers.

"Mary," said Uncle John, as late in the night he stood once more in his own kitchen, "I've been asking, all along, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' and to-night I've answered it Yes, I am. I've enlisted for the war, wife; and rumselling has got to be stopped in this, town, if I fight it out single-handed and alone."

"Amen!" was the earnest answer.

And it was not alone that the battle was fought. Earnest Christian men, strong in character and social position, banded together, and the victory was won. In one blessed New England village, at least, can reformed men, struggling back to health, honor, and manly purpose, safely walk the streets.—*Selected.*

THE BEER HABIT.

The fashion of the present day in the United States sets strongly toward the substitution of beer for other stimulating liquors. An idea appears to be gaining ground that it is not only nutritious but conducive to health, and further, that there does not attach to it that danger of creating intemperate habits which attends the use of other drinks. The subject is one of great magnitude, and deserves the attention of medical men as well as that of the moralist. Many years ago, and long before the moral sense of society was awakened to the enormous evils of intemperance, Sir Astley Cooper, an undisputed authority in his day, denounced habitual beer-drinking as noxious to health. Referring to his experience in Guy's Hospital, he declared that the beer-drinkers from the London breweries, though presenting the appearance of most rugged health, were the most incapable of all classes to resist disease—that trifling injuries among them were liable to lead to the most serious consequences, and that so prone were they to succumb to disease, that they would sometimes die from gangrene in wounds as trifling as the scratch of a pin.

We apprehend that no great change either in beer or men has taken place since the days of the great surgeon. It may also be said of beer-drinking, that there is less limitation to it than to the habitual use of other drinks. It does not produce speedy intoxication. When the drinker becomes accustomed to it, it will scarcely produce active intoxication in any quantity. It makes him heavy, sleepy and stupid. Even in moderate quantities its tendency is to dulness and sluggishness of body and mind. Beer-drinkers are constant drinkers. Their capacity becomes unlimited. The swilling of the drink becomes a regular business. It has no arrest or suspension, like whiskey-drinking, to admit of recuperation. The old definition of a regular beer-drinker was true: "Every morning an empty barrel, every night a barrel of tar." Of all intoxicating drinks it is the most animalizing. It dulls the intellectual and moral, and feeds the sensual and beastly nature. Beyond all other drinks it qualifies for deliberate and unprovoked crime. In this respect it is much worse than distilled liquors. A whiskey-drinker will commit murder only under the direct excitement of liquor—a beer-drinker is capable of doing it in cold blood. Long observation has assured us that a large proportion of murders deliberately planned and executed without passion or malice, with no other motive than the acquisition of property or money, often of trifling value, are perpetrated by beer-drinkers.

We believe, further, that the hereditary evils of beer-drinking exceed those proceeding from ardent spirits: first, because the habit is constant and without paroxysmal interruptions, which admit of some recuperation; secondly, beer-drinking is practised by both sexes more generally than the spirit-drinking; and thirdly, because the animalizing tendency of the habit is more uniformly developed, thus authorizing the presumption that the vicious results are more generally transmitted.

It will be inferred from these remarks that we take no comfort from the substitution of malt drinks for spirituous liquors. On the contrary, it is cause of apprehension and alarm, that just as public opinion, professional and unprofessional, is uniting all over the world in the condemnation of the common use of ardent spirits, the portals of danger and death are opening wide in another direction.—*Pacific Medical Journal.*

A CONVERSION THAT HAS ACCOMPLISHED GREAT THINGS.

Among the many recent converts to total abstinence none are more important, and none are exerting a wider influence, than Dr. Richardson. Standing, as he does, in the forefront of the medical profession, his opinions and testimony are of immense value.

His conversion to temperance views is most remarkable. He has not been influenced by moral, social, or religious considerations, but solely by those that are scientific. Till within the last ten years, he tells us, he had paid little attention to the temperance question, regarding it merely as one amongst the many philanthropic attempts to grapple with our national intemperance, an attempt in which the generous and godly sacrificed themselves for the sake of the vicious and drunken.

At the British Association of 1863-4 he gave the results of a long series of experiments on the nature and action of anæsthetics. So much interest was excited by his paper that he was requested by the Association to take up the whole series of substances of that class, and to give at another meeting the results of his experiments and examinations. He consented, and this led him, while not an abstainer, to study the physiological action of alcohol.

He very soon discovered that the action of alcohol was the same in its character as was the case with the chemical substances and narcotic agents that had previously come before him. There were four distinct stages of action in the effect of alcohol on the body. The first stage was one of some little excitement, during which the body of the person or animal subjected became a little flushed, and the temperature of the surface a little raised. In the second excitement the flushing was a a little increased, while the temperature was a little more raised, but it soon began to fall. Then followed a third stage, in which these symptoms or phenomena changed somewhat, the whole of the muscular and nervous system ecoming unsteady, whilst the thermometer showed the temperature of the body to be lower. The fourth stage was when the whole body was lying prostrate, insensible, and the muscular system entirely destroyed as to function, the nervous system as to direction, whilst the temperature was three or four degrees lower.

One other observation of telling moment was with respect to the action of the heart. In the first case there was quickened action; in the second stage, still quicker action, followed by reduced action; in the third and fourth stages this reduction of the action was continued until at last it was brought down, at the termination of the fourth degree or stage, to an extremely low point indeed.

The whole of his researches were conducted in 1869, without any change of life on his part. For experimental purposes, however, he thought it necessary to abstain. A new light then dawned upon him. He found that he slept better, that his power over work increased, and that his appetite and digestion were improved. He began to think that the sympathetic speakers—teetotalers—were right, and that it would be best for him to abstain. But there was a social difficulty in the way, and a great difficulty it proved. His mind, however, after a few years was made up, and he determined, as there was no use in the agent, and as under its influence some physical degeneration must take place in his organism, that he would join the band of total abstainers.

Having taken this position, he was not long in making it known. His pen and voice have been most energetically employed, and the value of his services has been immense. The whole medical world owns his power and is diligently examining his positions; while, backed by his authority, the advocates of temperance feel that in urging men to abstain they can appeal to their selfishness as well as to their philanthropy, and can show them that in blessing others they themselves will be blessed.—*The (London) Methodist Temperance Magazine.*

BARS AND BOXES.

Some student of political and domestic economy lately suggested that, as bar-keepers pay, on an average, $2 per gallon for whiskey, which they sell to poor men at the rate of ten cents a glass, for $6.50—that is, $2 for the whiskey and $4.50 to a man for handing it over the bar—that the wives of such men should become their bar-keepers, and thus save for themselves and their families the accruing profits, and be enabled, when their drinking husbands can no longer support themselves, and are "shunned and despised by all respectable persons," to have money enough to take care of them till they "get ready to fill drunkards' graves." Better, however, than this plan of home "bars" is that of an English country doctor, who, in a letter to the Bury (England) *Free Press*, writes that he was so much impressed with one of Canon Farrar's sermons, which he read on the 18th of March, 1877, that, after thinking the matter over, he resolved to become an abstainer, and that for a period of twelve months he would put in a box regularly every morning the equivalent of what he had hitherto been accustomed to pay for beer, wine, &c. On the 18th of March, 1878, he opened the box, and was greatly surprised to find so large an amount of £36 10s. ($182.50). He says: "I could hardly believe my own eyes. But what about leaving off the stimulant? All I can say is I never felt better in my life. I work hard, travelling over 200 miles a week, liable to all calls of a large country practice, and yet I want no so-called stimulants." He adds: "Let anybody who reads this try it for a month, and he will, if true to himself, never repent it." Such a box thus employed would prove a great blessing in wealth and health to many a household, as a depository of the oft-repeated small sums daily expended for strong drink and tobacco. —*National Temperance Advocate.*

TO THE BOYS THAT USE TOBACCO.

Just what per cent. of our boys use tobacco is something very difficult to ascertain, but we may safely say that three-fourths of the boys from eight to fifteen years old chew tobacco or smoke cigars. They frequently ask men for the stumps which are about to be thrown away, and many of them gather up the partially consumed cigars even from the streets and smoke them. Older boys, and even fullgrown men, those of low instinct, take a vicious pleasure in teaching their injurious habits to little boys who are too young to know enough to resist them. Said a young man who has been under the very best moral influence at home "Among all the boys of my acquaintance, from the time I was eight years old until I was fifteen there was not a single one who did not chew and smoke." Nobody but a boy knows the extent to which this injurious habit is indulged in among boys, and even if he does nearly die of sick stomach or nervous prostration after secretly smoking an old cigar stump or taking a chew of tobacco, he keeps his own secrets and lets Mamma and the doctor make a diagnosis as best they may. The further they miss the real cause of the sickness, however, the better it pleases the boy. Nicotia, the active principle of tobacco, is a deadly poison. A single drop will kill a rabbit in three minutes and a half. An old professor of medicine used to say to his students, "Put a drop or two of it on your tongue and it will kill a dog in five minutes." Nicotia destroys life quicker than any known poison except prussic acid.

The life of a little boy was destroyed in a few minutes by injecting an infusion of tobacco in the bowels. Death has been produced in the same way in grown people. In one instance the result was fatal immediately after the introduction of the tobacco enema. In another death followed in fifteen minutes; and in a third only three-quarters of an hour elapsed. Such immediately fatal results are not frequent, to be sure, but they testify to the existence of a deadly poison in tobacco in a manner which leaves no room for argument.

Amaurosis, or nervous blindness, in which disease there is partial or complete loss of sight without any apparent change in the organization of the eye, has been charged to excessive smoking of strong tobacco. It is believed by some of your best authorities that there are few persons who have smoked for any great length of time more than five drachms of tobacco a day, without having their vision, and frequently their memory, enfeebled. A case of impaired vision presents itself which resisted every manner of treatment until it was discovered that the patient was in the habit of smoking large quantities of strong tobacco. As soon as the pipe was abandoned the individual gradually recovered his sight.

Tobacco is a powerful sedative, and there is not a single individual addicted to its use who has not at some time been prostrated by an over dose. This condition of extreme depression is relieved by alcoholic stimulants, and will soon create the appetite for strong drink and will lead a boy to fill as drunkard' grave.—*Dr. B——, Clifton Springs, N. Y.—Advocate.*

THE BEER THEORY.

The editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*, Dr. Crothers, writing as an experienced physician and scientist, and commenting upon the inclination to substitute beer for the stronger alcoholic liquors, as advocated by Dr. Crosby and others, declares that their theory has "no confirmation in the observations of physicians and chemists where either has been used for any length of time." He affirms that "the constant use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organism, profound and deep-seated." He adds: "In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, severe cold, or shock to the body or mind will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different forms of alcohol, he is more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no time for recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces; it is our observation that beer-drinking in this country produces the very lowest forms of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of tramps and ruffians in our large cities are beer-drinkers. It is asserted by competent authority that the evils of heredity are more positive in this class than from alcoholics. If these facts are well founded, the recourse to beer as a substitute for alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality following."—*Temperance Advocate.*

Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

1 Cor. 15: 57

LONGEVITY.

Dr Stephen Smith, an eminent physician and surgeon of New York city, in an address delivered at Cincinnati a few years since on Human Longevity and its relations to sanitary work, stated that the results of various anatomical and physiological methods of determining human longevity, all agree in giving ninety to a hundred years as the normal period of human life, and this estimate is confirmed by observation and tradition. He says:

"Every death at an age short of that period is due to abnormal conditions. If a hundred years is the standard of longevity, to what period may exceptional lives extend? May not individuals be endowed with matter of life so largely, and have so slight expenditure that life may be extended far beyond the limits of a century? If there was any period of human history when all the conditions favored long life it was the patriarchal age. Man seems to have lived more nearly according to the dictates of instinct,—in other words, he led a natural life. He roamed about under a genial sky, tending his flocks. His exercise was moderate; his nervous system was never overtaxed, his food was simple, his house a tent, his home the uplands of Judea. His mode of life secured moderate activity to the muscular and circulating system, repose to the nervous system, simple and nourishing food, healthy digestion and exemption from local causes of disease. The historian tells us of no other causes of death during that period than accidents and old age. And what charming pictures of pastoral life and serene old age are given us in the histories of the patriarchs; what vigor of body at great age, and what repose and serenity of mind! At the age of seventy-five Abraham migrated with his family and flocks; at upwards of 120 he bore with heroic firmness the trial of his faith. Isaac led a peaceful, uneventful shepherd's life, and reached the age of one hundred and four-score years.

"The most important of the general conditions which shorten life in our day is excessive expenditure of vital force. This may occur in various ways. In the young, if food is improper or clothing insufficient, renewal does not take place at an age when the expenditure for growth is greatest, and exhaustion rapidly follows. At maturity the passions ripen into activity and have their full play, and if not suitably controlled afford large and exhaustive expenditure of vital power. Among the poor life force is often exhausted in the struggle for food, and among the rich in the struggle for the luxuries, wealth, position and power. Here owing to wear and tear from anxiety, loss of sleep and the concomitants, defective digestion and assimilation, waste exceeds supply, and exhaustion exceeds renewal. To the general causes of waste we would add impure air of dwellings, improperly prepared foods, inebriety, gluttony, social dissipations and ten thousand nameless sources of constant impairment of the vital functions, without power of suitable renewal, which fill up the measure of man's daily life in modern society. Over nearly all of these conditions man may, if he will, exert most arbitrary control. He can feed and clothe the young, old and helpless; he can moderate his passions to a healthful play; he can so regulate his habits as to secure a proportionate expenditure and renewal of vital energy; in his food, in his drink, in his home and at business he can be well nigh master of every thing that affects his well being. With all this power why such failure? We answer, ignorance. The people at large do not know, much less realize, the extent to which they may control their own longevity. Even the higher circles of society are ignorant of the nature, whether for good or evil, of the air they breathe, the food they eat, the water they drink, the clothes they wear. Nay more the medical profession is so devoted to the care of the sick that it does not study as it ought the methods of preventing sickness."—*Laws of Life.*

KEEP THE HOUSE CLEAN.

No place needs such guarding as the dwelling-house. From kitchen to attic there is an accumulation of organic matter. Our skins, our breath, our clothing, our foods, our excretions all have their processes of decay which must have riddance. "The mother of Burns," says one, "was a good housekeeper, and that is a great thing for a woman to be." It means more than any man can know. It is a list of items and incidentals having all the confusion of littleness and of numbers. The true woman organizes it all into order, not only for the general comfort, but for the health of her family. The sweeping and the dusting are not merely the removal of clear dust, but of materials which, if collected and remaining, deteriorate the general health of the family. The shaking of carpets, the scrubbing of floors and of paint, the rubbing of walls, the cleaning of closets and drawers—these are acts of sanitary inspection, and of labor corresponding thereto, we cannot impress too much the accurate work to be done therein. Besides the daily cleansings and care, the spring and fall overhauling is a requisite for society. One of the good things of frequent removals is that it gives a chance to cleanse houses fully vacated and give the furniture an airing while on the cart.

The cases of fever which occurred to workmen engaged several years since in scraping the halls of the New York Hospital show how retentive even these may become of the organic particles which float off into the air from our person or from animal and vegetable matter. That peculiar odor to be found in many houses, and sometimes in brown-stone fronts, means nothing more nor less than an unhealthy as well as untidy housekeeping. A removal out of doors of everything in each room once a year or more and a proper cleansing saves, in medical bills and general comfort, all that it costs. Daily airing, an occasional bath of sunlight, sweeping and dry rubbing are needed often; but can scarcely take the place of general cleansing. And the hardest part of it is not the great drawing-room; but the airing and assorting in drawers and closets, in the kitchen, the basement, the sub-cellar. It is so easy to neglect these. Many a case of sickness in the country results from decaying vegetables in a cellar; and in our cities the source not only of contagion, but of depressing air, headaches, and general *malaise*, is to be found in dark places, to which dry air, sunlight, the whitewash-brush, and a general clearing up seldom comes. We would urge on every head of a household now, before the summer heat comes, to make or have made a thorough inspection of every part of the house that all the avoidable causes of disease or of invalidity and depression may be removed.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE LOSS OF BEAUTY.

A London medical journal of high authority says that efforts are being made by a number of women of prominence to form a "School of Beauty" in England, the members pledging themselves to do everything in their power to render themselves comely by natural means. Prizes are to be given to those who can move with ease and grace, and so furnish evidence of good health and physical unconstrainment. Something of this kind is needed here. Although American women have, to a great extent, seen the folly and ugliness of lacing and going thinly clad in cold weather, there are still many who think an absurdly-small waist attractive, and any number that so pinch their feet that they can not walk comfortably or becomingly. They do these ridiculous things generally because they imagine men admire them. If men have done so, they do so no longer. They prefer healthy and graceful women to invalid and awkward ones, as all women must be who cramp their waists, wear shoes too small, or dress in any way to interfere with their freedom and satisfaction. Nature and beauty are one. No woman can be beautiful who fetters or hinders nature. The more nearly she approaches the natural the closer she comes to loveliness. Women have heard this a thousand times, and accept it mentally. Yet, in their blind worship of false gods, they sacrifice themselves to infirmity and deformity. It is entirely incomprehensible to men that so many women will endure pain and incur disease from a mistaken notion of beauty.—*N. Y. Times.*

Mr. J. A. Palmer has a paper on poisoning by mushrooms in the *Moniteur Scientifique.* He states that there are three different ways in which mushrooms may act as poison. First, they may produce the effects of indigestible matter, as when the hard coriaceous species is eaten; and even the edible mushroom may cause a similar result, for when it is decomposing it gives off sulphurated hydrogen gas in quantity sufficient to induce vomiting. Second, mushrooms may be gelatinous or acrid. Third, a subtle alkaloid, without smell or taste, is contained in some mushrooms, as, for instance, in the group of the *Amanitæ*, and is called amanitin. No antidote has yet been discovered for this poison, and to it most of the cases of death following the eating of mushrooms are due. It is at first slow in its action. But after the lapse of eight to fifteen hours the patient experiences stupefaction, nausea and diarrhœa. Delirium follows, and then death. Mushrooms containing amanitin will impart poisonous properties to wholesome varieties, if both happen to be placed in the same vessel. The poison can be absorbed by the pores of the skin. Mr. Palmer carried in his hand some *amanitæ* wrapped up in paper, and, notwithstanding the protection which the wrapper should have afforded, he was seized with alarming symptoms.

At a Recent Meeting of the French Biological Society, M. Delaunay read a paper relative to the habitual use of the right side of the system in preference to the left. He attributes the fact to the preponderance of the left frontal lobe of the brain. Anatomists have clearly proved the fact that the muscles and nerves of one side of the body are controlled by the section of the brain on the opposite side. In considering the question whether this peculiarity had any influence on the line an individual takes in walking, M. Delaunay mentioned an experiment he had frequently seen tried. In the park of Versailles is a large piece of grass plot known as the Tapis Vert. At its edge is placed any person, young or old, with the eyes bandaged, and they are told to walk straight across, but the feat has never been accomplished. After twenty or thirty steps, often less, they begin to deviate, sometimes to the left, but generally to the right, and invariably end their course at some part of one of the sides. M. Delaunay has studied the influence of age, sex and race on this peculiarity, and believes he can establish the fact that healthy adult men move spontaneously to the right; while children under three, old men and women seem to incline to the left.

Health of Country *vs* City Houses.—Many persons are under the impression that city residences are less healthy for gentlemen doing business in town than suburban houses. But the experience of most residents in the vicinity of our large cities would lead to a different conclusion. An English architect, in lately discussing this subject, remarks upon the delusion which had become almost a portion of the Londoner's creed—that health could be secured most certainly by sleeping nightly in what he called the country, in what was, in fact, a small, ill-built, ill-ventilated, and ill-drained box, but which he called his suburban "villa," planted upon ill-drained land, and surrounded by remnants of decaying vegetation. In order to pass to and fro between his suburban villa and business, he underwent the toil and anxiety of rushing to a railway-station more or less distant from his house or his office, twice daily, and in the course of transit probably shut himself up in the foul atmosphere of a smoking-carriage. This sort of thing is a great delusion, but it had been encouraged by the fact that, from circumstances which it would be difficult indeed to trace, it was impossible for him to find, within a reasonable distance.

Advantages of Crying.—A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantage of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 126 to 60 in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterward. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the system. What is natural is nearly always useful, and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give either physical or mental pain.

Apropos of the unfortunate condition of the young lady in Louisville, Ky., who has chewed gum so incessantly that she cannot now control the use of her jaws, the Albany (N. Y.) *Journal* says "that case is by no means an isolated one." That paper is authority for the statement that "there is a young lady attending the Albany high school, who is so unfortunately afflicted from this constant practice as to excite the commiseration of all who have seen her. At times her sufferings are painful to witness, and notwithstanding the most eminent physicians have exhausted every means that science suggested towards the alleviation of her condition, they have failed thus far, and her jaws continue to open and shut with a violence that threatens dislocation. The young lady in question is noted for her amiable disposition, and though her singular infirmity naturally precludes her from participating in the pleasures which society affords, yet on account of her musical accomplishments she is much sought after in her delightful home."—*Ex.*

In "Le Progres Medical," Feb. 1, M Galippe has called attention to the medico-legal value of the odor of the human hair, and has given some new facts. He asserts that from the simple smell of a lock of hair he can tell whether the lock has been cut from the living subject or whether it has been composed of hair that has fallen out. Hairdressers have acquired this art, which is said never to fail them. Hair which has fallen out has a dull appearance, attributable to disease, and is not easily made up; it has no peculiar smell. The hair of the Chinese has a characteristic odor of musk, which is so persistent that it cannot be concealed by cosmetics, for it cannot be destroyed by washing with potash. The hair of the Chinese has also a reddish tinge, and is polyhedral in section. Hair of hysterical patients has a peculiar and distinguishing odor which is most perceptible at the approach of a crisis Certain hair is electrical, the electricity being developed more readily after rubbing. M. Bert states that hair which is turned white from age begins to change color rather at the apex than at the base.

DOMESTIC.

Mustard should be mixed with water that has been boiled and allowed to cool; hot water destroys its essential qualities, and raw cold water might cause it to ferment. Put the mustard in a cup with a small pinch of salt, and mix with it, very gradually, sufficient boiling water to make it drop from the spoon, without being watery.

Oyster Short Cake.—One quart of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of salt, enough sweet milk to moisten well. Roll about one inch thick and bake on tin pie-plates quickly. While it is baking, take one quart of oysters and one half cup of water and put on the stove; then take one half cup of milk and one half cup of butter mixed with one tablespoonful of flour, and a little salt or pepper; add all together and boil up once. When the cakes are done, split them open and spread the oysters between them, and some on the top. Put the oysters that are left in a gravy dish and replenish when needed.

Stewed Liver.—Two pounds of calf's liver carefully washed in cold water, then cut into strips three inches long, one inch thick, and one inch wide; season with a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of white pepper; dredge lightly with flour, fry a light brown in boiling hot drippings, turn often to prevent burning; put in the bottom of a stewpan two thin slices of salt pork, and fried liver on top of it, with a large onion stuck with six cloves, a small bunch of mixed herbs tied together, and a half pint of good stock or gravy; stew slowly for an hour, take out the onion, herbs and pork, thicken the gravy with a tablespoonful of flour, rubbed smooth in a tablespoonful of butter; let the stew stay on the fire ten minutes longer. Cost, twenty-five cents. Will serve six persons, with vegetables.

Raw Oysters.—Wash the shells, open, detaching the flat shell, loosen from the deep shell, but leave them in it, and serve half a dozen on a plate, with a quarter of lemon in centre. Eat with salt, pepper and lemon juice or vinegar. In serving them without the shells the most attractive way is in a dish of ice, made by freezing water in a tin form shaped like a salad bowl, or in a block of ice from which a cavity had been melted with a hot flat iron. They should first be drained well, in a colander, sprinkled with plenty of pepper and salt, and placed on the ice and let remain in a cool place, for half an hour or until time of serving. A simpler and equally delicious way is to drain well, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and place the dish on ice or in a dish of cold water for half an hour before serving, adding bits of ice. Serve with horse-radish, Chili sauce, slices of lemon, or simply vinegar.

To Keep Ice.—In this uncertain climate of ours, we are so frequently liable to be tripped up, as it were, by the sudden setting in of hot weather, that we are not always prepared with regular appliances to meet it, and an impromptu ice-safe has often to be constructed. It is, therefore, useful to know how we may make a very simple make-shift out of materials not difficult to obtain from the lumber room of most households, and by an excursion to a carpenter's shop. With an old wooden chest or box, with a smaller tin box, or canister, such as biscuits are generally packed in, a few pounds of sawdust and a piece of thick flannel, we have all that is necessary for our purpose. Set the tin-box within the wooden one, fill up the intervening space between the two on all four sides thickly with the sawdust, having previously put a layer of the same at the bottom, wrap the ice closely up in the folds of the blanket, deposit it then in the tin box, put on the cover both to that and the wooden one, stand the whole in the coolest and darkest cellar available, and we may keep a store of ice by us for an almost unlimited time in the hottest weather. When a small quantity of ice is required for use it may be chipped off the parent block in large or small lumps by merely tapping a strong pin on the head, and so driving the point sharply into the edge of the block. No strength need be exerted if the pin beheld at right angles to the surface.

CHIPPERNIP.

BY LUTHERA WHITNEY.

The people of Boston found that the squirrels which were put on their Common a few years ago were the deadly enemies of the birds; so, bright and cunning as they were, they all had to be sacrificed.

They are, however, near neighbors in our woods. There is no lack of birds on Skitchawang mountain, and it is a famous place for squirrels; whether they ever molest the birds or not I cannot tell, but the different species quarrel with each other and among themselves. I have often seen a red squirrel chasing a chipmunk to and fro through the woods, up and down trees, over fences and under brush-heaps, almost as rapidly as my eye could

"A TOUCH OF NATURE."

follow; and I once saw an old red squirrel carrying off one of her young in her mouth, as a cat carries a kitten. She seemed to be fleeing from some enemy, I did not enquire too closely what, lest it might be one of the rattlesnakes which infest the mountain.

A pair of old grays had their nest near the school-house last summer. We used to see them every other day on the fences, or on the roof, and, as she was never disturbed, she grew quite tame; but, search as we might, neither teacher nor scholars could ever find her nest. Other squirrels used to come into the school yard to pick up bits of bread and cake which the scholars threw away while eating their dinner. During the autumn we ate many water-melons, and the squirrels feasted on the seeds.

The chipmunks, who are very provident, would fill their cheeks with them, and scamper away to their holes; but the others ate them on the spot, taking one seed at a time between their paws, sitting upright, and picking out the kernels with great rapidity

The song says:

"The squirrel is a pretty bird,
He has a bushy tail," &c.;

but I have seen one whose tail was as bare and more slender than a rat's. He was a very young gray squirrel, with hardly any hair on him, and had mere depressions instead of eyes. My brother got a pair of them from a nest in a big birch tree on the side of the mountain, and proposed raising them. He fed them milk and cream from a teaspoon, but they were awkward and helpless, and one of them died in a few days. The other seemed likely to follow, when we called a family council, and, in despair, decided to give him to the cat! This was not quite as cruel as it sounds. We had at the time a very handsome tortoise-shell cat named "Lady Lytton." She was very intelligent, and we had taught her the respect due property in whatever form it might be. She never molested chickens or ducklings which were sometimes brought into the house, and once she allowed a swallow, who had become unable to fly, to sit a whole week on the edge of the kitchen wood-box. She had two little kittens in her warm nest in the shed, and there I carried the poor, shivering little squirrel; and explained the case fully.

"Now, Lady Lytton," said I, "you must take care of little Chippernip; he is hungry and cold and he has not any eyes. Do please try and see what you can do for him."

Lady Lytton spread her white furry arms and took him in, washed the sour milk from his poor little face, and gave him part of the kittens' supper. From that time Chippernip was provided for. In about three weeks his eyes opened, and he soon began to run about the shed. Puss was always more anxious about Chip than about the kittens. One night some wild cats came prowling about the shed. Litty fought them valiantly and drove them away. The next night, just at dusk, she brought Chip into the sitting room, put him on the lounge and then went back for the kittens. We thought she was jealous because none of the family had visited her that day, so we played with them a few minutes and carried them back to the shed.

KIND LADY LYTTON.

She brought them in again directly, and continued to do so, as we carried them out, for some time. At last, despairing of making us understand the desperate state of things, she fled with Chippernip to the chamber, and hid him so securely that we could not find him, neither could he escape from his retreat. Lytton then went back to her kittens and spent the night, evidently understanding that they were in less danger than Chip, for she took him first each time. The next morning, as soon as the family had arisen, she went upstairs with the greatest apparent anxiety, and brought him, after which we made her bed in a more secure spot.

She used sometimes to punish her kittens severely, yet I never knew her to get out of patience with Chip but once. She was lying on the flower-stand, where she usually took her day-time naps; and he would pounce upon her from the window-sash, the oleander, and every other eminence within several yards. She

CHIP "DOTH MURDER SLEEP."

moved from the flower-stand to the rocking-chair, and from there to grandma's easy chair, but none of them were too far away for one of Chip's leaps; he came flying through the air, with his tail—now grown bushy enough—floating like a comet's behind him; lighted on her head or her back, bit her ears and her tail, and was away in a twinkling, making ready to repeat the performance. At last puss thought forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. She caught him in his next leap, held him with one fore-paw, and with the other she cuffed him long and well, then went to finish her nap on grandma's bed, where, as a great treat, she was sometimes allowed to sleep.

Chippernip used to have fine frolics with the kittens; what he lacked in strength he made up in activity. He would cry out while they rolled him over and over on the floor, and climb to the highest point within reach, where he panted for breath; but as soon as he regained it, he sprang upon them, eager to renew the tumble.

Chip was a great mimic. He imitated the cats in all unusual motions, and once, when mother was winding yarn, he watched her intently a few minutes, and then, sitting erect, he began to twirl his paws, keeping time with her hands. When she stopped to untangle her skein he watched to see what she would do next, and when she began winding he went on twirling his paws, and keeping time as before.

Chippernip was never very fond of food prepared for the cat; and one day, when I gave him a piece of sweet apple, he evidently made up his mind that he would never eat any more "cats' messes." He ate raw apples after this till one day I gave him a baked one, after which he refused raw apples altogether. Then he ate successively apple and pumpkin pie, ginger-bread, rice and bread pudding, and other things—always refusing all but what was his prime favorite at the time—till the nuts were ripe.

My brother brought him some chestnuts one day—this was food fit for the gods, Chip thought.

He had his supper of them, and the rest were saved for his breakfast; but, alas! his keen sense of smell told him where they were, and he climbed up to the pocket containing them, devoured the whole of them, and went to sleep on the shells.

He paid dearly for the theft, however, for they made him deathly sick, and he spent all the next day lying prone in the notch between the two roofs, scolding and chattering at every one who came in his sight. Perhaps he learned not to eat so many, but he certainly did not lose his taste for nuts or his inclination to steal them. He always found out where they were and possessed himself of them, and when the rightful owner came he found only the empty shells. He ate

SUMMARY MEASURES.

chestnuts mostly, but he would gnaw through a hickory or butternut, and sometimes he would bite an acorn, shell and cup and kernel, into little bits, but I never knew him to eat even a single bite; hunger would probably have brought him to it, but he was never forced to it. He never damaged the furniture, but would often spend half an hour gnawing a bit of stick. It was necessary for him to gnaw some hard substance, I suppose, for the teeth of the rodents—to which class the squirrels belong—are constantly growing, and unless worn away will cause serious damage.

After Chip considered himself too big to sleep with the kittens he found several beds which he occupied for a night or two; sometimes in the pocket of a coat or dress, hanging in one of the bedrooms, sometimes in a hat or cap or shawl on the hall table; but at last he settled down to the habit of lodging under the counterpane of grandma's bed. He always had a frolic out-of-doors just at sunset, after which he climbed up the scarlet runners and went in at the top of the window; the upper sash of

CHIPPERNIP RETIRES.

which was always left open a couple of inches for his accommodation.

He used generally to take his mid-day naps in some one's pocket—long naps they were too, lasting sometimes for hours; no matter how rudely he was jostled, or how noisy the work we engaged in, he was never disturbed. Sometimes we took him out in this way to make a call, but he never liked it, and seldom ran about in a stranger's house, but much preferred to creep back into the pocket, and never felt quite easy till he found himself safe at home.

With all his bright and clever ways I am forced to acknowledge that Chippernip had a very bad temper. It was no uncommon thing for him to get angry with some member of the family, and hold his wrath for a week. At times he would be in good temper with no more than one person, to whom he went for all favors. He never asked to go out or in as the cats did, but would take advantage of their cries, and was very angry if the door was shut before he passed through.

Strangers he despised, and when there were visitors in the house he used to spend his time in the top of a large apple tree overhanging the back door. However anxious we were to show our pet, no amount of coaxing could bring him down, rarely could the finest nuts tempt him within reach. If our guests spent the night he took his supper at the corn-barn of soft pig-corn, then ran up the bean-stalk to bed; if they stayed several days, he visited the family in the kitchen, where he was less likely to be disturbed.

One day a neighbor's child came to call. I was ironing a dress that had been ripped into small bits. Chip sat on the board and I spread the pieces over him as I ironed them. He would thrust his head out and watch me till I had nearly finished another piece, then run out to receive it while it was warm.

He scolded a little when Charlie came in, but the fun was too good to lose, so we went on. Charlie enjoyed it very much, and could not resist the temptation to try it himself, so he spread his little pocket handkerchief over him. Chip was out of his tent in a twinkling, with blazing eyes and bristling tail. If his strength had equalled his anger he would have been more dangerous than a Bengal tiger. He watched Charlie intently, running up and down on the edge of the board to keep as near him as possible, scolding and chattering with rage.

Charlie was going home full of terror of the little fury, but I persuaded him to stay, and put Chip in my pocket, where he still kept a lookout from the top for his enemy.

One bright Sunday morning in November Chippernip was taking

IN GRANDMA'S BED.

his usual run in the orchard, when some lawless hunters came by, and, as we suppose, either caught or shot him, for he never came up his ladder of scarlet runners to grandma's bed any more.
Wide Awake.

COUNTING HIS MONEY.

THE MISER'S DREAM.

I once heard of a miser being cured of his covetousness. He dreamed that Death came to take him to judgment, and the king of terrors would, also, take his iron chest, as evidence of his guilt. It was hard for the miser to part with his gold, but still harder to keep it, if it was to be brought in judgment against him. He was in a sore strait.

Before Death took him away, he told him that if his chest were found empty, he would be safe, but that if it were full, he would be without hope. He begged hard for a day's respite, but Death, pointing to the clock, agreed to grant him only an hour.

When left to himself, the miser breathed more freely; the love of money again entered into his soul, and he could not part with his treasure. But the ticking of the clock tarried not, and when half an hour had been lost, the affrighted man spread abroad the news that he had money to give away; wealth to bestow; silver and gold in abundance. Scores of pounds, hundreds, nay thousands might be had without asking. Time pressed upon him, and he knew that Death would be back within the hour.

And now came thronging round him his poor relations, and the widow and the fatherless, he that had no helper to whom before he would not part with a penny. "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

The miser was in haste to get rid of his store; but, alas! Death had cheated him, for he had locked the iron chest, and taken away the key. The miserable wretch was in extremity; his hands and feet were cold, his limbs were growing stiff, and the clock told him that his moments were few. His visitants grew clamorous, for they said that the losing of his key was an idle tale, and only invented by him to save his gold.

His poor relations, when they could not get large sums, became fain to possess themselves of smaller. The widow pleaded hard for a blanket, and a few coals and candles; and some of the orphans begged for a morsel of bread. Make haste, miser! and give thy pence as well as thy pounds, for a penny loaf may snatch the famishing from destruction, and a penny tract may be made the means of saving a soul! The pleading was in vain, for the miser could give away neither pound nor penny.

When he had the means and the power to give, he had locked up his chest, and now when he wanted to bestow, it was locked up for him. Almost was his hour expired. In vain he tore his hair and beat his breast in his extremity; the ticking of the clock went on, and before it had struck the hour, Death had returned. The respite of a moment was denied him. It was the climax of his agony. Death showed him the key of his chest, and in a desperate struggle to wrench it from his bony grasp, the miser awoke.

He awoke another man! The dew of terror hung in large drops upon his brow! In the visions of the night he had been taught what he had never learned in mid-day, and he saw, in all its enormity, the fearfulness of ungodly riches. By the grace of God his heart was opened, so that he no longer made gold his hope, nor fine gold his confidence. He let not the stranger lodge in the street, but opened his doors to the traveller. He became a father to the poor, and the case that he knew not, he searched out. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.—*Selected.*

A KIND-HEARTED MASTIFF.

The mastiff is the largest and most powerful of English dogs, and holds an honorable position among the dog aristocracy. He is noted for his mild and placid temper; he is not easily provoked, and seems to delight in using his power for the protection of the weak, whether they be men or dogs.

One of my friends has a great mastiff, a rough fellow to look at, and rejoicing in the terrible name of Nero. But Nero has no further resemblance to his cruel namesake. He has evidently a kind and gentle heart. The other day I saw him playing with a neighbor's dog, a little terrier, that had lamed its foot. The poor creature did its best to enter into the fun, limping about on three legs. At last, no doubt finding the pain too much, it held out its maimed paw to Nero, who most sympathetically licked it, as much as to say, "That's the best I can do for you; and may it do you good."

I have read of another noble mastiff, that was much teased by a troublesome little cur snapping at his heels. At length it seemed as if he could stand it no longer; he turned quickly and taking his tormentor by the scurf of his neck, dropped him into a pond near by, whence he came out a wetter and, let us hope, a wiser dog.

The Family Circle.

CHURN SLOWLY.

BY S. K. HUNT.

A little maid in the morning sun,
Stood merrily singing and churning,
"Oh, how I wish this butter were done!
Then off to the fields I'd be turning."
So she hurried the dasher up and down
Till the farmer called, with a half mad frown,
"Churn slowly.

"Don't ply the dasher so fast, my dear,
It's not so good for the butter,
And will make your arms ache too, I fear,
And put you all in a flutter;
For this is the rule wherever we turn,
Don't be in a haste whenever you churn,
Churn slowly.

"If you'd see your butter come nice and sweet,
Don't churn with a nervous jerking,
But ply the dasher slowly and neat,
You'll hardly know that you're working;
And when the butter has come you'll say,
Yes, surely this is the very best way,
Churn slowly."

Now, little folks, do you think that you
A lesson can find in the butter?
Don't be in a haste, whatever you do,
Or get yourself in a flutter;
And while you stand at life's great churn
Let the farmer's words to you return,
Churn slowly.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

A BIT OF FUN, AND HOW IT SPREAD.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

Willie Minton stood on the back steps waiting for breakfast to be ready. Glancing through the open window of the kitchen to see how Bridget was getting on, the mischievous thought came into his head that it would be fun to shoot her with his popgun—which he had in his hands—to see her jump.

"Mother told me not to tease her," he thought, "but it's only for fun, and it won't do any harm."

He turned the small weapon towards the window, and taking careful aim, sent it off.

It hit Bridget on the side of her face; she started, and spilt the hot lard in her hands, partly over the range, where it instantly blazed up, and the rest on the floor, whose whiteness was the delight of her life.

Willie had his fun; he saw her jump, and he thought that was the end of it, but he did not know how one little act will spread, as circles spread around a stone thrown into still water.

His laugh told Bridget who she had to thank for the mischief.

"Ah, you bad boy!" she exclaimed in a rage, "you're always in some trick, bodering the life out o' me, and making more work for me. Look at my white floor, will you?—that I spent two hours on my knees over, last night!"

Willie did not hear; he had gone into the house to tell Josie the joke he had played upon Bridget.

To the quick-tempered cook, however, it was no joke. She went on, after he had gone, muttering to herself,

"I'll have no peace till he gets off to school, and I'll hurry up them rolls, to be sure." She uncovered a pan of breakfast rolls which stood before the fire to rise.

"They're not light yet," she said crossly, "but I don't care. I won't wait for 'em," and she thrust them into the hot oven with a bang.

"Mary, these rolls are heavy again!" greeted Mrs. Minton, as her invalid husband sat down to his breakfast. "How often have I repeated that I cannot eat such heavy bread! It does seem as if your cooks took pleasure in imposing upon you!"

The faint color faded out of Mrs. Minton's already pale face, and a troubled look spread over it, but she replied gently,

"Bridget was recommended as a specially good bread-maker, and I can't imagine why she has failed."

"Well, I wish you would correct her for this, and oversee the rolls in future," was the answer from Mr. Minton, who—generally a pleasant, well-bred gentleman—was now out of health, and like many others in similar condition, thought it right to vent his bad feelings in cross language.

Breakfast was spoiled for Mrs. Minton, and the usually cheerful meal was taken in silence and constraint by the whole family.

This was the second result of Willie's "fun."

After the breakfast was over, Mr. Minton went into the library to read the papers before going to his office, and there Josie found him, a half hour later, when starting for school.

"O father!" she said, "have you decided about my joining the sketch class?—I have to tell Miss Barlow to-day."

Now Josie's greatest delight was in drawing, and she had hailed with joy the announcement that a sketch class would be formed in school, if enough could be found to join, and had hurried home to ask her father if she might put down her name. The night before he had talked it over with mother, and it was about decided to allow her to do so. But unfortunately, the heavy rolls still troubled him, and darkened all his world.

"No," he said shortly, "don't bother me! It's all fol-de-rol, your learning to sketch," and he turned again to his paper.

The eager light went out of Josie's bright eyes, and the smile died on her lips. She had not dreamed of such a reply, but she knew her father too well to attempt to change him. Slowly, and like one stunned by a heavy misfortune, she left the room, and the house, tears rapidly chasing each other over her cheeks, and deep pain in her heart.

Third result of Willie's "fun."

"Mother," said Willie himself, about the time that Josie received her blow, "I may go to Brandon to-day, mayn't I?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Minton, "if your new clothes come home, as I told you yesterday."

"They will, won't they?" he asked anxiously, for this was a long-wished-for treat.

"I hope so. Mrs. Brown promised, and if Katie is no worse to-day I have no doubt she will do so," was the reply, as Willie seized his books and started for school.

Nine o'clock arrived, and Mr. Minton went to business with the morning's cloud still upon his face. Everything was clean and bright in the office, and George,—the office boy, who had taken unusual pains to have everything in grand order—stood smiling at the door.

"I wonder what's the matter with Mr. Minton," he said to himself, as that gentleman entered. "I wouldn't ask him for a holiday to-day, only that he's half promised already, and I've engaged Jim Brown to take my place, and I know he's counting on it—he has so few chances to earn anything—and then Nell too! Bother," as he went on more slowly, "he promised me a holiday once a month, and he never has refused me."

When the letters were brought in, and everything prepared for the day, George asked for his usual holiday, and said that Jim Brown was there to take his place. (Alas! those rolls!)

"You can't go to-day, George," said Mr. Minton. "On second thought, I don't think I can spare you this week."

"Yes, sir," said George respectfully, but his young blood boiled. He was sure there was no reason, and that he could as well be spared this week as next. He wouldn't have cared so much for himself, but it would disappoint Jim Brown, and there was his own sister—

Fourth result of Willie's "fun."

All his very moment George's sister sat all dressed, with hat on, waiting for him. She was learning the dressmaker's trade, and worked hard from morning to night, and was pale and tired from her close confinement. But by some fortunate circumstance, she had a holiday to-day. The happy brother and sister had spent the evening before planning great things for this rare treat. After discussing all possible excursions, they decided to have a picnic and a day in the country. The weather was perfect, and they were going to take a Staten Island ferry boat, and after a pleasant sail on beautiful New York Bay, to get off and eat their lunch and spend the day in the woods and on the beach of that island, gathering flowers and shells, and many pretty things to make their little rooms brighter, and to bring back a little color to Nellie's face, and take a little pain out of her back.

Their mother had been up before light, baking and fixing their treat, and there it was, all nicely packed in a basket, ready to go. Nellie wore a new bright print dress, that she had cut and made herself, and kept a secret, intending to surprise George with her pretty suit, when he came back after her.

"Will you stop and tell Nell?" George had said to Jim, when he told him of the disappointment of all these plans; "she's expecting me." So it was Jim's unwelcome news that greeted Nellie, instead of George's merry face, when she ran to answer a knock.

"O mother!" she said, falling wearily into a chair, with a burst of tears. "He can't go—that cross old"—

"Hush, dear!" interrupted the mother, bending closely over her sewing. "Don't say hard words—though I'm real sorry for you, dear; and I wonder why he refused, when he as good as promised last night!"

"O dear!" Nellie went on between her sobs. "We were going to have such a nice time! and I haven't been out for six months, and that beautiful lunch!—and—and—everything. I think it's too mean"—and throwing off her hat, she gave herself up to her bitter disappointment.

Fifth result of Willie's "fun."

Jimmy Brown turned away from the door with an ache in his own heart. Katie, his little sister, lay quite ill and suffering. For a long week he had been promised this one day's work, with its small pay, and to cheer up Katie he had promised to spend it for her, for mother had hard work to earn bread and clothes.

Much had the two children talked of the treasures they would buy, and after discussing all that they knew of the big city's attractions had settled upon a bunch of grapes, and a small flower—in a pot. Katie did so love flowers, and her sick taste rejected their coarse food, and her feverish lips fairly longed for the cool fruit.

She was very weak, though recovering now, and of course she was childish. She had thought and planned, and longed for these delights, as you who have the comforts of life cannot imagine, for seven long, weary days. So it is no wonder that when Jim burst impetuously into the room, and thoughtlessly told his bad news in the bluntest way, she first burst into tears, and then fainted away.

Mrs. Brown threw down her work, and ran to her. She came out of the faint after a while, but only to go into a fierce fever, which was more dangerous. In fact Mrs. Brown had work enough for that day to attend to her; so that not another stitch was done on her sewing. At night the kind doctor said she was in a relapse which, in her present weak state, might end her short life.

"What caused this great change? She was doing so well," said the Doctor.

"It was a little disappointment about something she had set her heart on," said Mrs. Brown. "Not enough to care for when she was well," she added apologetically, telling the story.

"A smaller thing than that is sometimes fatal to one in her state," said the plain-speaking doctor; and then turning to Jim, who sat cowering in a corner, half frightened out of his wits, "Learn a lesson by this, young man. If she dies, the fault will be yours."

(The doctor didn't know about the rolls.)

It needed only this dark cloud to complete the misery of the poor home. Mrs. Brown folded away the work, for which she had hoped to receive the pay that day, and gave all her attention to Katie. Jimmy crept out into a sort of shed, and cried himself to sleep, and the sick girl raved in her delirium.

Sixth result of Willie's "fun."

"Mother, have my clothes come home?" shouted Willie, bursting into the house after school. "Here's Tom and old Bill, and even Boxer—all ready! Let me jump into them double-quick!"

"I'm very sorry, Willie," said Mrs. Minton, "but they haven't come. To be sure of them I even sent John around, and learned that Mrs. Brown's little girl, Katie, has had a relapse, and Mrs. Brown doesn't know when she can finish them. It's too bad, dear!"

What Willie said—the mingled grief and rage which brought a violent fit of crying, and obliged the mother to send him to his room, while she sent away the man and horse, I will not describe.

It was the seventh result of his "fun." Unfortunately he did not know it.

But that was not the last; there was other trouble in the household. After breakfast Mrs. Minton had gone into the kitchen to remonstrate with Bridget about the rolls. Bridget, tired with scrubbing the greasy floor, and blacking over her soiled range—fired up at once, and declared she wouldn't stay another day in a house where the "boys was a torment, and the Missis found fault with her cooking."

So she went away and Mrs. Minton was obliged to finish the baking, and stand over the hot fire all day, before another cook could be procured.

Eighth result of Willie's "fun."

Josie had gone to school with a swelling heart, and a burning sense of unjust treatment. In her unhappy state, her lessons had been faulty, she had had a quarrel with her best friend, so that she received her first bad marks for the year, and alienated a dear friend.

Ninth result of Willie's "fun."

But worse than that; the withdrawal of her name from the class, made it less than the number desired, and Miss Barlow decided it not worth while to start it at all. This unexpected decision sent sorrowing home the young teacher, who was almost the only support of an invalid mother and sister; and disappointed the high hopes they had built upon the results of that class in Miss Barlow's fashionable school.

So another family was plunged into grief because of that bit of "fun."

Which was the tenth result.

The trouble did not end in these four families either. It travelled far and wide. Every one touched by it passed it on to the next.

It is really fearful to think of the pain, and grief, and disappointments, and misery, that Willie's one moment's mischievous "fun" brought into the world; and which took the place of the happiness, the comfort, and the innocent pleasure which would doubtless have been enjoyed if he had never turned his popgun towards the cook.—*Examiner.*

HOME TRAINING.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

If you would have your children happy and successful, beloved and honored, teach them while young to do well and thoroughly all that they do. Let faithfulness, thoroughness and attention to detail be the motto, that whether the matter in hand be the learning a lesson, cooking a pudding, making a loaf of bread, or sweeping and dusting a room, it may be done creditably.

"Who sweeps a room as for God's laws
Makes that and the action fine."

One great reason why want, poverty and crime are so prevalent, is that so few people learn to do well what they attempt to do. There is always a demand for skilled labor. "Always room in the upper story," as some one has said. In spite of the universal wail among the poor of "no work," there is always a demand for good cooks, good seamstresses, good and skillful workmen and workwomen in every trade, profession or occupation, and there always will be such a demand as long as the world stands.

He who gives his children an education gives them tools with which they may carve out their own fortunes. But education is incomplete if it does not include the learning to think, to attend, to persevere. "Education is not so much learning facts as forming habits," as Locke justly observes. Children should be taught habits of order, thoroughness, faithfulness and attention to detail, for with these they may accomplish almost anything, without—little or nothing. She who gives to her children an education including these things does more than if she bequeathed to them a fortune, which may take to itself wings and fly away; and the parent who neglects to provide each of his children with some useful, honorable and suitable employment by which they may earn their own living, is guilty of an unpardonable cruelty. Only yesterday an illustration of this was brought to my notice.

It appears that a young girl of about eighteen or twenty years of age was recently found by one of our city missionaries, homeless and friendless, and apparently very ill. She was sent to a hospital, from which she was, in a few days, discharged, her physicians reporting that she had no disease, but was simply suffering from the effects of hunger, cold, and exposure. Warmth, food, and rest speedily restored her to such a degree of vigor that it was thought best to send her out to find work. But here was the difficulty, she could do nothing well. She had very little education; no trade, could not sew passably, could not cook, nor wash, nor iron, in short had received no home training, and could do nothing well or thoroughly. What is to be done with her? If left to herself it is certain she will quickly go to ruin. But no one is found willing to employ such a girl. It seems her mother died some years ago, perhaps before she was old enough to learn to do anything well. For years she was left to drift, and, not being particularly ambitious to improve herself these precious years were wasted. Then her father married again, and the step-mother being unwilling, and positively refusing to have her at home, she was sent out to find employment and to earn her own living as best she might. Not finding employment, and not daring to return home she slept in a station house. It appeared on enquiry that she had not been taken there by the police, but had gone there voluntarily for want of a better shelter. When the missionary learned that she had a father in the city she went to him to learn whether her story was true; it seemed so strange that she should not have gone home rather than sleep in a station house. She made known to the father the situation of his daughter, and implored him to take her home, at least for a time until some employment could be found for her. This he absolutely refused to do although he said he would gladly do so if it were not for his wife whose displeasure he greatly feared. He gave a dollar to procure her a lodging for a night or so. But this is now gone and no one can be found willing to employ a girl who is so ignorant and inefficient.

Alas! how many similar cases there are! Let this be a warning to parents not to neglect home training. Think mother, how would you like to have your daughter, or granddaughter, in such a pitiable plight as is this poor girl? And do not imagine that such danger exists only among the poorer classes. Wealth is evanescent, and miserable indeed is she who is unable to earn her own support. It would be easy to cite cases where the daughters of rich

men had, through reverses of fortune, suffered not only poverty and want, but worse, disgrace, misery and insanity, all from want of proper early training.

Home training cannot be begun too soon, nor carried on too faithfully. While the child is yet young the mother should inculcate lessons of care and thoughtfulness for others, and begin to teach the child to form habits of industry, order and method. One by one she should be taught to perform dexterously various little household duties. One thing at a time, and that thoroughly, is the true way. As Abbott says, "When a boy has learned thoroughly how to use the hammer, give him a new tool—a saw for instance—or a gimlet, and so proceed till he understands all the various carpenter's tools." (I do not quote but give his ideas from memory.) So with girls—do not disgust and weary them, but give them short and frequent lessons, "Only a little, but always," says a distinguished French educator. This is the way to accomplish most.

It is a common mistake to undertake too much and so fail in all. Not how much but how well should be the criterion. How much more pleasing a simple air well rendered, than a classic and difficult piece of music played wrong; a little poem than an elaborate one written badly; a simple pudding well cooked than a rich one spoiled in the making or baking. How much prettier a simple dress neatly fitted and made than a rich and elaborate suit ill made, or trimmed with tawdry or ill chosen colors. How much more comfortable a plain but well ordered household than an expensive mansion filled with dust, disorder and confusion. Undertake then no more than can well be accomplished. Teach a girl to dust thoroughly, then to sew well, to mend neatly, then to cook this, that and the other thing successively, as each one is mastered, and so on through all the mysteries of housekeeping lore, remembering always the proverb, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

With a little tact the lessons may be made to be regarded as rather a pastime than drudgery. When a daughter has found that she can make a loaf of bread that papa can praise, that she can scallop oysters that will elicit the admiration of a chance visitor, or make a pudding that renders her famous in the eyes of her young brothers and sisters, she will begin to think that she is fond of cooking, and will take a pride in being a good cook.

No doubt this will involve much time and pains on the part of the mother. It would be easier you think to do it yourself, or allow it to be done by a servant; but reflect, mother; it is worth your while to bestow a little time and pains to secure so great a benefit to your daughter. It has been said that children in these days are suffered to grow up useless and indolent, but many parents go to the other extreme, requiring too much labor from their children, taxing their strength so heavily that in some cases the growth is stunted, the constitution weakened, life shortened, and usefulness abridged by this careless and injudicious management. Both extremes should be avoided.

Above all let the mother be careful not to grow indolent herself, or discouraged at the difficulties in the way, which she will be sure to meet. She must not expect success at first. It takes time to produce anything valuable. Success is never achieved but by patient, persistent effort. The mother more than any one else needs to cultivate patience, charity and perseverance.

It is said that while the great Michael Angelo was at work upon one of those masterpieces which have rendered his name immortal, a friend called and examined the work attentively. Coming in again a few days after he glanced at the work and said, "You have been idle since I last saw you."

"Oh, no!" replied the great sculptor, "I have made an alteration here and an improvement there," pointing to different parts of the work.

"But," said the visitor, "these are but trifles."

"True," replied the master, "but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

Can a mother afford to take less care and pains in shaping an immortal life?—*Household.*

READING TO CHILDREN.

Many persons suppose that it is useless to attempt to read anything to children under twelve years of age but books written expressly for them. They think that a child can only appreciate stories that are short and easily comprehended, and written in the simplest language. But experience has convinced me that this is a mistaken notion.

Juvenile works are necessary when children begin to read themselves, and until they have become so familiar with the appearance of the majority of words that they recognize them at a glance, and have ceased to be conscious of the effort of forming letters into words and sentences. Before they know the simplest monosyllable by sight, they have an extensive stock of long words, which they recognize by the sound, and whose meaning they fully comprehend, as soon as they hear them uttered. And you can read passages from the most famous works of genius to a young child, without changing the language in the least, or explaining the author's meaning. Its smiles and tears and its appreciative remarks (not its questions—for a demand for frequent elucidation and elaboration is usually a proof that the work is not suitable for youthful readers) will convince you that it understands and thoroughly enjoys the book.

If you are on the lookout for facts and fancies that will interest children, you will find something that will please them in nearly every magazine, or biography, or book of travels, or scientific work, or novel, or volume of poems, that you read. And before your boy and girl has entered the High School, they will be familiar with the names of many of the best writers, and will know their heroes and heroines well, and love them dearly.

When you find nothing in a book that is suitable to read aloud, there is often something interesting that you can relate. Children love to hear about Mrs. Browning's dog Flush, and Professor James Wilson's birds, Shilly and Robbie, and the rest of his pets, described in the fourth chapter of his life, by Dr. Hamilton; and about Sir Walter Scott's and Dr. Brown's numerous dogs. They take great pleasure in Roswell's charming picture of Dr. Johnson and his cat Hodge, and in the story of the nightingale and the jealous robin in Michelet's "Bird." And they are never weary of the adventures of Fenella and of Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the dwarf, as related in Peveril of the Peak. All children love animals, and so, it would seem, do most distinguished men and women.

The stories of Eva and Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and of Harry and Tina, in "Old Town Folks," and of Dickens' little Nell, will be enjoyed best read in the author's own words. Browning's Pied Piper of Hamelin, and the Goose, by Tennyson, and his May Queen, are also great favorites. Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," is also a fascinating book to children. If you read the story of the Tempest once to a child, it will be called for again and again, until you cease to enjoy it at all yourself.

Little things not five years old will listen eagerly to the reading of the story of the transformation of the companions of Ulysses into Swine by Circè in Bryant's translation of the tenth book of the Odyssey, and to the account of the confinement of the winds in a bag by Colus, and their release by the sailors, while Ulysses slept. And they will like to be told about the Sirens, and about the Lotus Eaters, and to hear the story of how blind Homer wandered through Grecian lands, chanting these poems to enraptured listeners. No book do these very little folks love better than Mrs. Kirkland's Selections from Spenser's Faery Queen, especially the adventures of Una and the Red Cross Knight. They are delighted with the lazy dwarf, who carries off the lovely lady's bag of needments at his back; with her palfrey more white than snow, and her milk-white lamb. But next to Una herself, the lion is the greatest attraction, and it is necessary to skip the lines describing the brave animal's death, as too harrowing to the child's feelings. In fact, one great secret of success in reading to children books intended primarily for mature minds, consists in knowing what to omit; and how to do it so quickly and skilfully as to make no perceptible pause.—*X. L. Z. in Evangelist.*

EQUINE SAGACITY.

A pleasant story has just come from the Cape of Good Hope. In Graaf-Reinett, as in all the old Dutch towns in the Colony, there is, in the centre of the place, a large market square, where the farmers, traders, and others, arriving with their produce at any hour of the day or night, may "outspan" the oxen and horses from their waggons, send the cattle out to the "commonage" to feed, while they bivouac at their waggons, as is the wont of African travellers to do until the eight o'clock morning market auction. An old horse belonging to one of these parties had wandered about in search of grass and water—vainly, no doubt, for it was during the severe drought from which the country is but now recovering. Coming to the great bare market-place, and finding a knot of men talking there, he singled out one of them and pulled him by the sleeve with his teeth. The man, thinking the horse might possibly bite, repulsed him, but, as it was not very roughly done, he returned to the charge, with the same reception; but he was a persevering animal, and practically demonstrated the axiom that "perseverance gains the day," for, upon his taking the chosen sleeve for the third time between his teeth, the owner awoke to the idea that a deed of kindness might be required of him; so putting his hand on the horse's neck he said, "All right, old fellow; march on!" The horse at once led the way to a pump at the further side of the square. Some colored servants were lounging about the spot. One of them, at the bidding of the white man, filled a bucket with water; three times was the bucket replenished and emptied before the "great thirst" was assuaged, and then the grateful brute almost spoke his thanks to his white friend by rubbing his nose gently against his arm, after which he walked off with a great sigh of relief. A story somewhat analogous to the foregoing was told me by a friend, whose uncle, an old country Squire in one of our western counties, had a favorite hunter in a loose box in the stable. One warm summer day he was "athirst" and could get no water. He tried to draw the groom's attention to the fact, but without success. The horse was not to be discouraged; he evidently gave the matter consideration. The thirst was pressing. All at once he remembered that he always had a certain halter put upon his head when led to water. He knew where it hung. He managed to unhook it from its peg, and carried it to the groom, who, in great admiration of the knowledgeable brute, rewarded him in the manner he desired.—*Nature.*

HEROES IN HUMBLE LIFE.

The chief reason why evil often seems so much commoner than good in the world is that evil is noisy and always advertised, while good is quiet and passes without notice. The daily press chronicles and emphasizes crime, but seldom makes record of the manifold virtues, which are to vice as fifty to one. In these days of excessive publication, what we do not read of we are inclined to believe does not exist. Occasionally, however, instances of modest unassertive heroism get into print, and it is pleasant and encouraging to notice them. Here are two:

Peter Rapp, age twenty-six, died in Cincinnati a few days ago. Nobody had known or even heard of him, for he was only a driver of a street car, earning a wretched pittance. Still, with this pittance he had for years supported his father and mother, both invalids and unable to work, and having provided for them, had actually nothing for himself. Last winter he could buy neither undergarments nor overcoat, and he was obliged to walk daily from his poor house and back, nine miles, because the street-car companies, as generous there as here, would not allow their employees, when off duty, to ride free. His suffering from cold, with fifteen hours of daily hard work, added to anxiety and privation, destroyed his health, and he died of rapid consumption—died, literally, that his parents might live.

Mary Ann, or Grandma, Wilson, as she is called, is a vendor of peanuts in New Orleans, an industrious, cheerful, withered old woman, who has plied her humble calling in St. Charles street for more than forty years. She is the most famous yellow-fever nurse in the South—a fact which one would never learn from her own lips. She took excellent care of patients during the prevalence of the scourge there in 1837, and again in 1853 she was faithfully at her post. Two years later, when the fever raged at Norfolk, she went there and rendered efficient service. She went at other seasons to Savannah and Memphis, and did her utmost to relieve those who had been attacked by the pestilence. Last summer found her at Grenada, where for thirty-eight days and nights she battled with the disease ministering to the sick and dying with a tenderness and devotion not to be exceeded. She has done a world of good, but she never speaks of it, perhaps never thinks of it. She, noble, simple soul, is once more in St. Charles street selling peanuts, apparently unconscious that she had done anything more than her plain duty. The world is better than we think it.—*N. Y. Times.*

PERIL FROM THE PULPIT.

Under this suggestive title Mr. Spurgeon lets fly a broadside, in the last number of the *Sword and Trowel*, at those ministers who unnecessarily advertise skepticism. He says:

The habit of perpetually mentioning the theories of unbelievers when preaching the gospel, gives a man the appearance of great learning, but it also proves his want of common sense. In order to show the value of wholesome food it is not needful to proffer your guest a dose of poison, nor would he think the better of your hospitality if you did so. Certain sermons are more calculated to weaken faith than to render men believers; they resemble the process through which a poor unhappy dog is frequently passed at the Grotto del Cane at Naples. He is thrown into the gas which reaches up to the spectator's knees, not with the view of killing him, but merely as an exhibition. Lifted out of his vapory bath, he is thrown into a pool of water, and revives in time for another operation. Such a dog is not likely to be a very efficient watch-dog or pursuer of game; and when hearers Sunday after Sunday are plunged into a bath of skeptical thought, they may survive the experiment, but they will never become spiritually strong or practically useful. It is never worth while to make rents in a garment for the sake of mending them, nor to create doubts in order to show how cleverly we can quiet them. Should a man set fire to his house because he has a patent *extincteur* which would put it out in no time, he would stand a chance of one day creating a conflagration which all the patents under heaven could not easily extinguish. Thousands of unbelievers have been born into the family of skepticism by professed preachers of the gospel, who supposed that they were helping them to faith; the fire fed upon the heaps of leaves which the foolish, well-intentioned speaker cast upon it in the hope of smothering it. Young men in many instances have obtained their first notions of infidelity from their ministers; they have sucked in the poison, but refused the antidote. The devil's catechists in doubt have been the men who were sent to preach "believe and live." This is a sore evil under the sun, and it seems hard to stay it, and yet ordinary common sense ought to teach ministers wisdom in such a matter.

DO OUR YOUNG READERS ever think how little it takes to stain their character? A drop of ink is a very small thing, yet dropped into a tumbler of clear water, it blackens the whole; and so the first oath, the first lie, the first glass, they seem very trivial, but they leave a dark stain upon one's character. Look out for the first stain.

Question Corner.—No. 13.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

145. Who were Nadab and Abihu, and for what were they put to death?
146. What was the Feast of Pentecost?
147. Why was the Feast of the Passover kept?
148. What was the year of Jubilee?
149. What was the Sabbatical year?
150. Who were the sons of Levi?
151. When the tabernacle was taken down to be carried, how were its parts distributed amongst the Levites?
152. What was the vow of the Nazarite?
153. Where were the Israelites encamped when the spies were sent to spy out the land of Canaan?
154. How many of the spies brought back a favorable report?
155. How were the Israelites punished when they refused to go and conquer the land of Canaan?
156. How many were to be spared to enter the promised land, and who were they?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A holy woman famed for works of love.
2. The saint who was first called to heaven above.
3. Who led a king his fearful love to see?
4. Who from his childhood home was forced to flee?
5. From whence with mighty signs was Israel brought?
6. What king was by his mother's wisdom taught?

In the *initials* you may trace
A noble youth, who, by God's grace,
Was not ashamed his faith to own
Before a heathen tyrant's throne.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 11.

121. At the confluence of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates.
122. And I will put enmity, &c., Gen. iii. 15.
123. The clean beasts by sevens; the unclean beasts by twos; the fowls of the air by sevens, Gen. vii. 2, 3.
124. Nephew, Gen. xi. 27.
125. Because of a strife between their herdsmen, Gen. xiii. 6.
126. Mount Moriah, Gen. xxii. 2.
127. The Lord will provide. To the place where Abraham intended to sacrifice Isaac, Gen. xxii. 14.
128. The Lord watch between me and thee, Gen. xxxi. 49.
129. Seventeen, Gen. xxxvii. 2.
130. Seventy, Gen. xlvi. 27.
131. In the northeastern part.
132. Gen. xlix. 10.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Watchman.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 11.—John Goldsbro, 11; William C. Wickham, 10; Mary E. Haycock, 10; Jane E. Russell, 7; Andrew W. Barnes, 10; E. A. Hamilton, 6; Mabel Wickett, 11; Edith F. Hine, 5; Flora M. Livingstone, 4; Sarah A. Feasby, 4; Ella Huff, 12; M. E. Rose, 9; Avis G. Burgess, 10 ac.; Chas. E. Beard, 9; Frank T. Dolph, 10.

To No. 10.—M. Hare, 10; Agnes J. McKay, 8; John Goldsbro, 12 ac.; Annie Donaldson, 10 ac.; Francis Hooker, 10 ac.; Maggie Ann Cuyler, 5; Bella Hamilton, 9 ac.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1879, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XXVIII.

JULY 13.)

THE SECURITY OF BELIEVERS.—Rom. 8 : 28-39.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 35, 37-39.

28. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

29. For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren.

30. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them also he called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified.

31. What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?

32. He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

33. Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth.

34. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

35. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

36. As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

37. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

38. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

39. Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us.—Rom. 8: 31.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Saints are kept by the power of God.

INTRODUCTORY.—After showing the greatness of the glory which shall be revealed, and assuring believers of the aid of the Holy Spirit, the Apostle goes on to declare that all things, even the present afflictions, shall work out good for God's children. When Paul wrote this Epistle he had already experienced persecution, and was in expectation of bonds and afflictions. See Acts 20: 23.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) GOD IS FOR BELIEVERS. (II.) CHRIST IS FOR THEM. (III.) LOVE SHALL ENDURE.

I. GOD IS FOR BELIEVERS. (28.) AND WE KNOW, or "But we know;" compare the "we know" of v. 22, and the "we know not" of v. 26; ALL THINGS, every event of life and especially those which seem adverse: WORK TOGETHER, because God causes them so to do: FOR GOOD, for the final and eternal well-being. (NOTE that the following verses, 31-39, are an expansion of, and commentary on, v. 28.) (29.) CONFORMED TO, made like unto: IMAGE, Christ is the believer's pattern. SANCTIFIED and glorified: FIRSTBORN, in pre-eminence of rank, as well as in time: BRETHREN, Christ is made the brother of all believers. (31.) IF GOD BE FOR US, as the writer has shown in vs. 28-30: WHO CAN BE AGAINST US? since one who is against us must be against God, and will be surely overthrown.

II. CHRIST IS FOR THEM. (31.) SPARED NOT, compare Abraham and Isaac, Gen. 22: 12, 16; HIS OWN SON, the only-begotten, John 3: 16; DELIVERED HIM UP, to suffering and death; FOR US ALL, in behalf of us all; ALL THINGS, which we need for our well-being and salvation. (33.) GOD THAT JUSTIFIETH, God himself declares and the second clause of v. 34 as questions, and read, "Shall God who justifies them?" (34.) WHO . . . CONDEMNETH?—"Who will condemn?" "Is it Christ . . ?" No one can bring an accusation which will stand, when the Judge himself has pronounced absolution; RIGHT HAND OF GOD, the right hand was the seat of honor and of power, compare Ps. 110: 1; Rev. 3: 21; MAKETH INTERCESSION, entreats for, advocates the cause of.

III. LOVE SHALL ENDURE. (35.) WHO, or what LOVE OF CHRIST, TO US; TRIBULATIONS, etc., ARE NOT proof of want of love; PERSECUTION, Paul and the early Christians had experienced it, comp. 1 COR. 4: 11; 2 COR. 11: 26; SWORD, as John the Baptist, Matt. 14: 10; James, Acts 12: 2, and later, according to tradition, Paul himself. (36.) AS IT IS WRITTEN. In Ps. 44: 22; during all ages God's people had been so treated by the world. (38.) DEATH, even by martyrdom: LIFE, with all its tribulations: ANGELS NOR PRINCIPALITIES, superhuman powers, good or bad; THINGS TO COME, in time or eternity. (39.) CREATURE—"CREATED THING;" LOVE OF GOD, to us.

What truths is this lesson to teach us that—

1. Blessings may result from the heaviest trials?
2. Faith in God should not be shaken by adversity?
3. With God as our friend we need have no fear?
4. The love of Christ will ensure the final victory for his people?

ILLUSTRATION.—Believers are all soldiers; all soldiers by their profession are engaged to fight if called upon; but who shall be called to sustain the hottest service, and be most frequently exposed upon the battlefield, depends upon the will of the general or commander. Thus the Captain of our salvation allots to his soldiers such stations as he thinks proper. He has a right to employ whom he will, and when he will: they are supported, and in the end made more than conquerors through him who hath loved them.—*J. Newton.*

LESSON XXIX.

JULY 20.]

CHRISTIAN LOVE.—1 Cor. 13: 1-13.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 4-8.

1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

2. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

6. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part

10. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11. When I was a child, I spake as a child, understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12. For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—1 Cor. 13: 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The grace of love is an everlasting possession.

INTRODUCTORY.—Paul wrote his first Epistle to the Corinthians towards the end of his long residence at Ephesus (Acts 19: 21), probably in the spring of 57 A.D. In the twelfth chapter he writes of spiritual gifts. In the thirteenth chapter he shows the superiority of the graces, faith, hope, charity; and ranks charity, or love, above all the rest. This chapter has been called the New Testament "Psalm of Love."

NOTE.—*Cym'-bal*, an instrument for producing music by beating plates of metal together. Two kinds of cymbals are mentioned in Ps. 150: 5,—(1.) "The loud cymbals," consisting of four small plates of brass, or some other hard metal, two of which were attached to each hand of the performer, and struck together: (2.) "The high sounding cymbals," consisting of two larger plates, one of which was held in each hand, and struck together as an accompaniment to other instruments, producing a loud noise.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE NECESSITY OF CHRISTIAN LOVE. (II.) ITS CHARACTERISTICS. (III.) ITS ENDURING NATURE.

I. THE NECESSITY OF CHRISTIAN LOVE. (1.) TONGUES, languages and gifts of speech; CHARITY—"love" to God and man, in its broad Christian sense; TINKLING, clattering; CYMBAL, see Note. (2.) I BE NOTHING, secrets of the divine counsel and will; REMOVE MOUNTAINS, by miraculous power, comp. Matt. 21: 21. (3.) BESTOW . . . GOODS, the original signifies to feed out in morsels as to children; TO BE BURNED, in sacrifice, or as a martyr.

II. ITS CHARACTERISTICS. (4.) SUFFERETH LONG, without getting angry. Eight negative characteristics of charity are now given: ENVIETH NOT, "KNOWS neither jealousy nor envy" *(Alford)*; VAUNTETH NOT ITSELF—"displays not" itself; PUFFED UP, with inward pride (5.) UNSEEMLY, so as to violate decorum, or propriety; THINKETH NO EVIL, not brooding over the wrongs it suffers, nor seeking to revenge them, but rather forgives and forgets. (6.) REJOICETH . . . INIQUITY, its commission by others, at which the wicked rejoice (love of scandal, etc.); IN THE TRUTH, or better, "with the truth," its extension and victories, the spread of Gospel truth, etc. (7.) BEARETH, or, "covereth all things," that is, covers the faults of others; ALL THINGS, these word, four times repeated, are, of course, to be limited to things right to be borne, believed, etc.

II. ITS ENDURING NATURE. (8.) PROPHECIES . . . FAIL, "be done away." It is the same word as "vanish away" in v. 8, and "put away" of v. 11; COME to nothing, by the withdrawal of the gift when no longer needed; TONGUES . . . CEASE, the gift of tongues was not long continued, and all human languages pass away. (9.) IN PART, partially. (10.) PERFECT IS COME, the complete consummation of the kingdom of God. (11.) A CHILD, etc., literally, "a babe," so we are all children in our conception of future, and spiritual things; WHEN I BECAME, or, "since I have become a man." (12.) A GLASS, a mirror, usually made of polished metal; DARKLY, literally, "in an enigma" or in a dark word; THEN, in the future life; FACE TO FACE, with God, and spiritual realities, comp. Matt. 5: 8; SHALL I KNOW, or, "shall I fully know," thoroughly, as I am known of God; AM KNOWN—literally, "as I was fully known" (13.) ABIDETH, remaineth permanently; FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, three graces dureth permanently; FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, three graces of which Paul very often speaks, Eph. 1: 15-18; Col. 1: 4, 5; 1 Thess. 1: 3; 5: 8.

What verses in this lesson teach us—

1. The danger of counterfeits in religion?
2. The need of watchfulness against all evil passions?
3. The injury strife works to religion?
4. The supreme importance of love?

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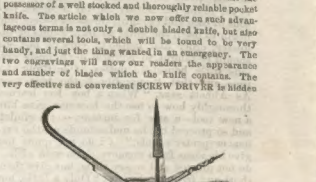

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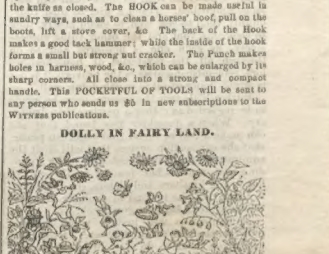

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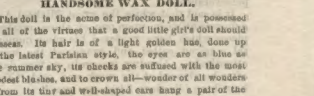

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